Autolesionismo

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Autolesionismo

by karinakamichi

Summary

Italy has a problem. Germany, Japan and everybody else are there to help. GerIta.

Self-harm and some other dark themes. Proceed with caution.

Story: Autolesionismo

Summary: Italy has a problem. Fortunately, his friends are there to help. GerIta.

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia.

…

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Italy watched as the blood oozed out of the cuts on his wrist, dripping into the bath water beneath him.

He sniffled, tears of frustration falling down his face as he created slash after slash.

Scars and cuts had litered his arms.

Marks that no one knew about because he kept it covered under his uniform.

He couldn't tell anybody. They wouldn't understand.

The reasons he did it.

Even he himself didn't.

But it made him feel better and that was all he needed.

After all, it pulled him away from the bad things; the things that scared him.

The things that he didn't even want to *think* about.

He needed this.

"Hey, Italy, try to hurry it up in there, would you? We're going to be late to the meeting." A knock at the door. It was Germany.

"Oh, whoops, sorry, Germany! I'll be out in a few minutes, I promise! Just let me get around, okay? I-" In a panic, he attempted to reach over to the door to lock it, but hit his knee on one of the shampoo bottles in the process, causing it to fall, another one landing on his foot. "Ouch, that hurt!"

"Hey, are you alright?! What just happened?" Germany demanded out of obvious concern. "I'm coming in."

"No, wait, don't!" Italy lunged at the door, shutting it right as Germany started to open it. His heart was racing. "I'm fine, really! I just dropped the shampoo bottle on my foot, is all!"

"Well, if you're sure about it…" Germany seemed uncertain about, but let it go. "Just… be more careful, ja?"

"I will…" Italy let out a sigh of relief as he heard Germany walk off. He tried to ignore the wave of dizziness passing over him, he knew it was probably from blood loss. Admittedly, he had cut himself a bit more than he had initially intended to this time, so it wasn't a surprise he was feeling a little woozy.

Unplugging the drain, he proceeded to dry himself off, avoiding the cuts on his arm. He didn't want the towel to get stained with blood, especially since he was staying at Germany's place right now. No doubt he would notice it.

Once he was done, Italy dressed his wounds, albeit sloppily, before pulling on his uniform. He then quickly finished up, running out of the bathroom.

"Okay, I'm done. Sorry it took so long~" He apologized.

"It's fine. As long as we can go now." Germany sighed.

In that moment, right as they started heading out the door, another wave of dizziness passed over him and he suddenly felt winded.

"What's the matter, Italy? Are you not feeling well?" Japan noticed it immediately, tilting his head a bit in concern. Germany looked back at them.

"No, it's okay. I'm fine. I swear." Italy insisted. "Don't worry about it."

"Are you really sure? You look sort of pale…" Japan observed with uncertainty.

"I'm…" Italy tried his best to ignore the stars in his vision. He had definitely cut too much. Note for future reference.

"Hey, perhaps, you should sit down." Germany suggested, placing a hand on Italy's shoulder as he sensed that he was having trouble standing. He couldn't help but feel concerned as he

saw him like this.

Germany and Japan exchanged looks.

"If you'd like, I could stay with Italy while you go to the meeting, since you are the one hosting it." Japan proposed. "He looks like he's about to pass out. It might be best if he stays home for now."

"Agreed." Germany mumbled. Truly, he'd have liked to stay with Italy, but business called. "Very well, then. I guess I'll have to-"

"Wahhh! Wait, that's really not necessary! Please don't leave me here, Germany! I'll be good, I promise!" Italy glomped on him, despite how bad he felt.

"You say that as if you've done something wrong…" Germany sweat-dropped. "Anyway, look, you'll be fine, you do have Japan looking after you. I'll be back later."

"No, I don't want Japan to miss the conference because of me! And besides, we're usually sitting down anyways when we go there *anyways* , *right* ?" Italy rationalized. "So what difference does it make whether I'm here or there?"

Truth is, Italy liked going to the World conferences because he really liked some of the other nations and wanted to spend as much time with them as would be permitted. It wasn't often they all gathered in the same location, except for special events and other stuff.

"The 'difference' is you can't function properly when you're *like* this, dummkopf." Germany said, with the utmost love and affection. "I'm not really sure what's going on, but you obviously need rest right now."

"I can just sleep afterwards!" Italy knew he screwed a lot of things up, but he didn't want this to be one of them. He couldn't let Japan miss the conference because of him. "Just let me go with you please?"

Japan looked at Italy and then at Germany. He really wouldn't have minded looking after Italy, but in the end, that was up to Italy. That's why he hadn't said much.

"Alright, fine… You can come…" Germany let out a shaky breath before muttering out, "It's not like you would have accepted it if I said no, anyways…"

"Yay~ I'll go wait out to the car for you!" Italy walked off towards the car.

Germany glanced back at Japan. "I know this is a lot to ask, but try to keep an eye on him for me, would you? He's kind of worrying me…"

"It's really no problem." Japan assured him. "Italy is my friend so I want to help him in whatever way I can. Actually, to tell you the truth, I noticed he's been acting a bit strange lately…"

"Oh? Strange how?" Germany inquired.

"Well… I'm not really sure why, but he always tenses up when other people touch him. I think he's scared of something. You and I are the only two people he doesn't seem to get that way around."

"Hm…" Germany paused. "Now that you mention it… He has been jumping into my bed a lot more often lately. He says it has something to do with nightmares. He won't tell me what they are, though."

"Nightmares? How odd." Japan pondered it.

"Yeah, well, we can figure this out later. For now, let's just go to the meeting, alright…?" Germany looked away, but the expression on his face was obvious.

"Right." Japan nodded, following after him.

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A/N: I don't know how far I'll take this story, but I wanted to write something coming off of another really large project. This story will be very heavy so I can't promise I'll be able to finish it due to how close to home some of the themes in this are.

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